

The Soul of England

The soul of England will not die,
Nor will her spirit wane;
Tho' she be trampled in the dust,
Yet she will rise again,
Tho' every house be bombed and torn,
The streets strewn with her dead,
Yet from those ruins will she rise,
And lift her stalwart head.

The mighty voice of England cries,
We'll never know defeat;
We'll fight on every landing ground,
On every beach and street;
We shall defend our island home
On every hill and field:
We'll fight on oceans and on seas,
And never will we yield.

We shall fight on, on to the end,
We shall not flag nor fail;
As long as there's a gun to shoot,
A battleship to sail.

We'll carry on this titan strife,
Until in God's good time
We have been liberated from
All tyranny and crime.

The soul of England will not die,
Nor will her spirit wane;
The British Empire will hold fast
Tho' it travails in pain:
And should it last a thousand years,
Majestic in its power,
Yet will men say of this dark day,
"This was their finest hour."